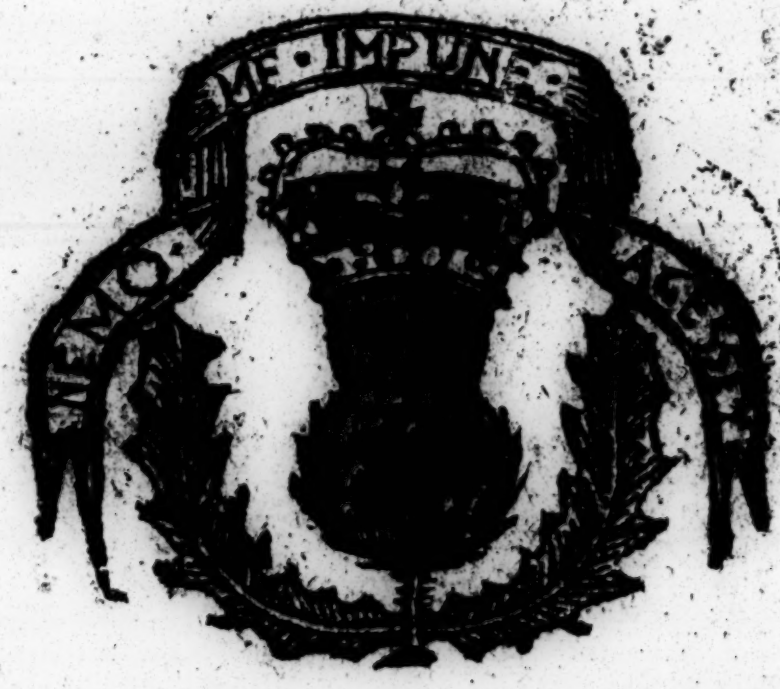
THE SONG OF SOLOMON

Rendered into ENGLISH *VERSE*.

By *R. S.*



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L

SOLOMON's *SONG*,

Chap. I.

Verse 1.

THe *Song of Songs*
Which is King Solomon's.

2

Let him with Kisses of his mouth me Kiss,
For that thy love than Wine farr better is.

3

Because the Savour and the fragrant Smell
Of thy good Oyntments others that excell,
Thy name is as an Ointment forth that's pour'd,
Therefore the Virgins Love to thee afford.

4

Draw me we will run after thee; the King,
Hath brought me to his Chambers; we will sing
Be glad, and joy in Thee: Thy Love we will
Mind more than Wine: The Upright love Thee

5

Tho' I am black, yet I most comely am,
(O ye the Daughters of *Jerusalem*)
Like to the Tents that *Kedar* Fields are on,
Or like the Curtains of King *Solomon*.

6

Look not upon the Blackness of my Hue,
Because the *Sun* doth very oft me view,
My Mothers Children angry were and hot,
To keep the Vineyards made it be my Lot,
Yet my own Vineyard I have keeped not.

7

Tell me, O thou, whom my Soul loves alone,
Where thou dost Feed, where thy Flocks rest at noon;
For why should I thus turned be aside,
By th' flocks of thy companions to abide?

8

If thou know'st not, O thou the fairest Dame
Among thy Sex, turn thou thy way amain,
By th' Footsteps of the Flocks, and so abide,
Feeding thy Kids, the shepherds Tents beside.

9

O thou my Love, I have compared thee,
To Horses that in *Pharaoh's* Chariots be.

10
Thy comely Cheeks like Jewels in a row,
With Chains of Gold thy Neck's adorned too.

11
To thee we'll Borders make of beaten Gold
With ſtuds of Silver of the fineſt Mold.

12
While that the King is ſitting at his Board
My Spikenard doth a pleaſant Smell afford.

13
A bundle of Myrrhe my well belov'd's to me.
He all the Night betwixt my Breaſts ſhall be.

14
And my Belov'd is as a Cluſter fair
Of Camphire in *Engedi*'s Vineyards rare.

15
Behold thou'rt fair, behold thou'rt fair my Love,
Thy eyes appear like to thoſe of a Dove.

16
Behold thou'rt fair and comely to be ſeen:
O thou my Love: our Bed is alſo green.

17
Our Houſe it's Beams are of the Cedar-Tree,
Our Rafters of the Fir compoſed be. CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Verse 1.

I am the Rose of *Sharon*, and I am
The Lillie of the Valleys; I'm the same.

2

Ev'n as the Lillie is among the Thorn,
So is my Love 'mong Daughters that are born.

3

As th' Apple-Tree among Trees of the Wood
So 'mong the Sons appeareth my Belov'd;
I under's shade with great delight did rest.
His Fruit it was then pleasant to my Taste.

4

Unto the banquet house he did me move,
And over me he spread his banner love.

5

With flaggons stay, with Apples comfort me;
For I am sick of Love exceedingly.

6

Under my Head his left Hand he doth place,
And his right Hand doth often me embrace.

7

I charge you Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
By th' Roes and Hynds o'th' field, I say by them

That for to ſtir, or 'wake my love, you ceaſe,
Untill the time my welbeloved pleaſe.

8

The Voice of my belov'd! lo! He comes leaping
Upon the Mountains, on the Hills comes skip-
(ping.

9

My Love is like a young Hart or a Roe:
And he behind our Wall is ſtanding: lo,
Out at the Windows he looks forth to view,
And thro' the Latteſs He himſelf doth ſhew.

10

My welbeloved ſpake to me; did ſay,
Riſe up my love, my fair one, come away.

11

For lo the Winter's paſt, the Rain is over,
And gone away; beloved, do not hover.

12

The Flowers upon the Earth appearing ſtand,
The ſinging of the Birds is now at hand,
The Turtle's Voice is heard within our land.

13

From the figg-tree her green figgs ſprout & ſwell
The Vine with tender Grapes gives a good Smell.

Ariſ

Ariſe, make haſt, my love, and come away,
O my fair one, ariſe, and make no ſtay.

14

My Dove! that in the in Clefts o' th' Rocks abid'ſt;
In ſecret places of the Stairs reſid'ſt,
O let me ſee thy Face, and thy Voice hear,
Thy Voice is ſweet, thy Countenance is fair.

15

Our Vines have tender Grapes: now therefore, go,
Take us the Foxes, little Foxes too,
That hurt the fruitfull Vines, and ſpoil them ſo.

16

My well belov'd is mine, and I am his;
Among the Lillies fair his feeding is.

17

Untill the day do break and ſhaddowes flie;
O my beloved turn to me, and be
Like to a young Hart, or like to a Roe
Skipping on *Bether*'s mountains to and fro.

CHAP. III.

Verſe 1.

BY Night, on Bed, whom my Soul loves I ſought
I ſought Him, but alas! I found Him not.

2

I will riſe now, and round the city go;
And in the ſtreets, and broad ways to and fro',
Whom my Soul loves I'le ſeek with my whole mind.
I ſought him but no ways I could him find(

3

The Watchmen that did walk the City round,
Although I found him not, yet me they found;
To whom I ſaid; Ho watchmen! did you ſee
Him whom my very Soul loves ferventlie?

4

T'was but a little I from them was gone,
When I found him my Soul was ſet upon;
I held him, but I would not let him go,
Till that I had conducted him into
My Mothers Houſe, and to the very Room
Of her that firſt conceav'd me in her Womb.

5

I charge you, daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
By th' Roes, and by the Hinds, I ſay by them,
That for to ſtirr, or 'wake my Love you ceaſe,
Untill the time my welbeloved pleaſe.

6

Who's this that from the wilderneſs doth ſtirr
Like ſmoaky Pillars, all perfum'd with Myrrh
And Frankincenſe, with all the Powders rare
That brought unto us by the Merchants are?

7

Behold! three ſcore of *Iſr'els* Valiant Ones
Do guard the Bed which is King *Solomons*.

8

They all hold Swords, in warr expert; for why?
Each man a Sword hath girt upon his Thigh,
Leſt dangers of the night ſhould terrifie.

9

A Bed, or Chariot; King *Solomon*
Made to Himſelf, o'th' Wood of *Lebanon*.

10

Whereof the Pillars were of ſilver mold,
The Bottom alſo it was made of Gold;
The Cover Purple; the midſt pav'd with Love
For th'Daughters of *Jeruſalems* Behove.

11

Go, *Zions* Daughters, See King *Solomon*
With's Crown, that Crown his Mother put upon
His Head, that day he his Eſpouſals had;
And in the day wherein his heart was Glad.

CHAP. IV.

Verſe 1.

BEhold, thou'rt fair, behold, thourt fair, my love,
Within thy locks thou haſt eyes of a Dove;

And

And as a Flock of Goats that do appear
From the Mount *Gilead*: So doth thy Hair.

2

Thy Teeth are like unto a Flock of Sheep
Ev'n shorn, and comeing from the waters deep,
Each one whereof bears twins, and there is none
Among them barren; not so much as one.

3

Thy Lipps like to a Scarlet threed appear,
Thy Speech is comely; pleasant to mine Ear.
Within thy Locks, thy Temples they are set
Ev'n like unto a piece of *Pomegranate*.

4

Thy Neck is like King *David's* Tow'r, which He
Built for an Armoury, whereon there be
A Thousand Bucklers hanging, fit for VVar;
All shields of men that strong and mighty are.

5

Thy Breasts like two Young twin Roes do appear,
Both which among the Lillies feeding are.

6

Till the day break & shaddows flee; from hence
I'l get me to the mounts of Myrrh, and thence,
Will also go to th' Hill of *Frankincense*.

7

My love thour't fair and comely for to see,
No Spot or Blemish is at all in thee.

8

With me from *Lebanon*, my Spouse came up,
With me from *Lebanon*; look from the Top
Of *Shenir*, *Hermon*; *Amana* also,
The Lions Denns, and Le'pards Mountains too.

9

Thou'st ravished my Heart within my Breast
My Sister, Spouse; my heart thou ravisht hast
With one glance of thine eye, & with one chain
Encompassing thy Neck, thou didst it gain.

10

O thou my Sister, Spouse: How fair's thy love!
I doe esteem and value it above
The choicest Wine; Yea and the fragrant Smell
Thy Ointments Yield, all Spices do excell.

11

As th'Hony-comb, O Spouse, drops to the ground
So are thy Lips. Honey. and Milk are found
Beneath thy tongue; thy Garments give a Smell
Which doth ev'n that of *Lebanon* excell.

12

Unto a Garden, fenc'd about and barr'd,
My Sister, spouse, may fitly be compar'd.

Like

Like to a ſpring of Waters cloſelie ſhut;
A Fountain whereupon a Seal is put.

13
Thy Plants, an Orchard of Pomegranats are,
With pleaſant Fruits, Camphire, with Spikenard (rare.

14
Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus alſo
And Cinamom, with all the Trees that grow
Of Frankincenſe, of Myrrhe and Aloes
With all the Spices, and of them the choice.

15
A well of Waters that do ever run:
A Fount of Gardens; ſtreams from *Lebanon*.

16
Awake O North Wind; South Wind come and (blow
Upon my Garden, make the Spices flow.
Let my beloved to his Garden haſt,
And eat his Fruits moſt pleaſant to his Taſt.

CHAP. V.

Verſe 1.

MY Siſter, Spouſe, I'm in my garden fair,
My Myrrh, my Spice by me now gather'd are.

My

My Honey with my Honey-Comb, also
I've ate; My Wine, with Milk I've drunken too;
Eat, O Beloved! Drink, and satisfie
Your selves, O Friends, Yea, drink abundantlie.

2

I sleep, but yet my heart's awake. It is
The voice of my Belov'd that knocks; 'tis his,
Thus saying: Open unto me, my Love,
My undefi'ld, My Sister, and my Dove,
For with the dew my Head's alreadie fill'd
And my Locks with the drops, by night distill'd.

3

I have put of my Coat, how shall *I* then
(Yea how shall I now) put it on agen?
And having wash'd my Feet most carefully,
How shall I now defile them? How shall I?

4

By the hole of the Door, his hands, my Love
Put in; my Bowels then for him did move.

5

To my Belov'd I rose, the Door to ope',
And then with Myrrh my very Hands did drop,
My Fingers too sweet smelling Myrrh distill'd,
Which all the handles of the Lock had fill'd.

I op'ned

6

I opened to my Love, but h'had withdraw'n
Himſelf away; and He away was gone.
My Soul fail'd when He did upon me call;
I ſought Him, but I found Him not at all.
When I Him ſought, He did no Notice take,
And when I call'd, He did no Anſwer make.

7

The Watch-men that about the City go,
Found me, as I was wandring to and fro'
They ſmote & wounded me, they that did watch
And keep the walls, my vail did from me ſnatch.

8

O Daughters of *Jeruſalem*, I do,
Adjure You all, yea every one of You,
To tell my Love, when You him find, that I
Am ſick, yea ſick of Love exceedingly.

9

What's thy Beloved more than others are?
O thou the faireſt of all Women fair,
What's thy beloved more than they? that thus
Concerning him, thou giv'ſt this Charge to us.

10

My welbeloved's white and ruddy, He
The Chief among tenthouſands is to me.

His

11

His Head is as the pure and fineſt Gold,
His Locks are bulhie, and in Curls do fold,
And black as any Raven to behold.

12

His Eyes, like Doves which by the Rivers ſit,
Are waſht with Milk, and alſo ſet moſt fit.

13

His Cheeks like to a Bed of Spices are,
And as ſweet fragrant Flowrs they do appear.
His Lips like to the Lillies fair, that drop
Sweet ſmelling Myrrh from off their very Top.

14

As Gold Rings that with *Beryls* garniſht are,
So do his Hands unto my ſight appear.
His Belly's as bright *Ivory*, array'd
*W*ith Saphires, and with them all overlay'd.

15

His Leggs, as Marble pillars I behold,
Set upon Sockets of the fineſt Gold;
His Countenance is like to Lebanon,
And ſtately Cedars growing thereupon.

16

His Mouth it is moſt ſweet. Moreover, He
Is altogether Lovely unto me.

O Daughters of *Jeruſaiem !* This, This
My Friend; yea and my well Beloved is.

CHAP. VI.

Verſe 1.

Where's thy beloved gone? O thou moſt fair
Among all Women that the faireſt are?
O whither is He turnd aſide? that we
May go along and ſeek thy Love with thee.

2

My well beloved's to his Garden gon,
To feed i'th' Gardens; and to reſt upon
The Beds of Spices; and to pluck the fair
And pleaſant Lilies that are growing there.

3

My wel beloved's mine, and I am his
Among the Lilies fair he feeding is.

4

O thou my Love thou art exceeding fair;
For beauty, I'le to *Tirzah* thee compare,
Joruſ'lem like, with comelineſs array'd
And terrible as Banners when diſplay'd.

5

Thine Eyes from me O do thou tuan away,
Me vanquiſhed and overcome have they;

And as a Flock of Goats that doth appear
From the Mount Gilead; so doth thy Hair.

6

Thy Teeth are like unto a Flock of Sheep,
Come up from washing in the waters deep,
Each one whereof bears twins; and there is none
Among them barren; not so much as one.

7

Within thy Locks, thy Temples thy are set;
Ev'n like unto a piece of Pomegranate.

8

There's threescore Queens, and Concubines four-score,
Of Virgins an innumerable Store.

9

My Dove, my Undefil'd's but one; her Mother,
That brought her forth, besides her, had no other;
The choice one too of her that did her bear;
The Virgins saw her, and they blessed her,
Yea and the Queens her maginfi'd and Prais'd
The Concubines her Glory also rais'd.

10

Who's she that looketh forth like to the Morn,
Fair as the Moon that doth the night adorne,
Ev'n as the Sun when it is shining clear,
And terrible as banners doth appear?

11

I went to the Nut Garden, there to view
The fruits that in the pleasant valley grew:
To see if that the Vine had flourished;
Or Pomegranates their Buds abroad had shed.

12

Ere that I was aware, my Soul made me
Inth' Chariots of *Amminadib*, to be,

13

Return, return, O *Shulamite*, come back,
Returne, that we may notice of thee take.
What is it in the *Shulamite*, Ye'll see?
As 'twere, of Armies two, the Companie.

CHAP. VII.

Verse 1.

THy Feet with shooes, how beautifull they are
O Princes Daughter! Yea and I'le compare
The Joints, that motion to thy Thighs impart
To Jewells, wrought by cunning Workmans Art.

2

Thy Navel's like a Goblet that is round,
And with much Precious Liquor doth abound:
Thy Belly is like to an Heap of Wheat
That's round about with fairest Lilies set.

And

3

And thy two Breasts may be compar'd unto
Two Young Roes of the Field, and Twins also.

4

Thy Neck is as a Towr of Ivory.
Thine Eyes like Fish-Pools that in *Hesbon* ly,
Hard by *Bathrabbim* gate. Thy Nose alone
May be compar'd to th' Tow'r of *Lebanon*,
Damascus-ward, as looking thereupon.

5

Thy Head is like unto Mount-Carmel fair.
And like the faireſt Purple is thy Hair.
The King is held in's Galleri'es, walking there.

6

How fair! how pleasant! and how far above
All others, forDelights! art thou my Love!

7

Thy Stature, to a Palme tree's like, for shape;
Thy Breasts are like to Clusters of the grape.

8

I will, said I, up to the Palme tree go,
And of it's Boughs I will take hold also:
Thy Breasts shall be as Clusters of the Vine;
And the Smell of thy Nose, like Apples fine.

9

Thy Palat's like choise Vine, which for the sake
Of my Belov'd, a sweet descent doth make,
Causing the Lipps of those that steep, to speake.

10

I am my well Beloved's; and I see T'

That his Desire is always towards me.

11

Come my Beloved, to the Fields let's go,
And to the Villages; Let's lodge there too.

12

Come, let us early to the Vineyeards get,
Let's see if that the Vine have flourish'd yet,
Whither the tender Grape doth yet appear,
Or if the Pomegranats yet budded are.

13

The Mandrakes do a pleasant Smell afford;
And at our Gates all Pleasant fruits are stor'd,
Both New and old, which I've laid up for thee
O thou who art Beloved unto me.

CHAP. VIII.

Verse 1.

O that thou wert unto me, as my Brother
That suck'd the very br ast of my dear Mo-
I finding thee without, would kiss thee too (ther
Nor should I be despised so to do.

2

Unto my Mothers House I'de thee conduct
And bring thee thither: she would me Instruct
I'de cause thee for to drink of spiced VVine,
And of the Juice of *Pomgranates* most fine.

3

Under my Head, his left Hand he should place
And with his Right Hand he should me embrace.

4

O Daughters of *Jeruſalem* I do
Adjure You all, and ev'ry one of you
That for to ſtir, or 'wake my Love you ceaſe
Untill the time my well beloved pleaſe.

5

Who's this that cometh from the VVilderneſs,
And leaning on her well beloved is?
There I thee raiſed under th'Apple Tree
Ther'twas thy Mother brought thee forth Yea ſhe
That did the bear; 'twas there I raiſed thee.

6

Set me, like as a Seal upon thy Heart,
And as a Seal upon thine Arm, inſert.
For Love is ſtrong as Death; and Jealouſie,
Is like into the Grave for Crueltie,
It's Coals are Coales of Fire and from the ſame
Proceeds a mighty and moſt Veh'ment flame.

7

Love cannot be by many waters quench't,
Neither can it by any floods be drench't
Yea as for Love ſhould any man beſtow
The Subſtance of his Houſe, it were too low
A value to be put upon it ſo.

8

We have a little Siſter; but, alace!
She hath no breaſts; when er'e it comes to paſs
That ſhe be ſpoken for, what ſhall we doe
For her that day, ſhe being ſtated ſo.

If

9

If that ſhe be a wall, then on the ſame
VVe will a Palace of pure Silver frame.
And if ſhe prove to be a doore, then we
Will her encloſe with Boards of Cedar Tree.

10

I am a wall, for building on moſt fit,
Yea and my Breaſts are like the Tow'rs of it.
Then was I ev'n as one that he did prize,
Or one that had found favour in his Eyes,

11

At *Baal-hamon*, *Solomon* he had
A Vine-Yard which with fruitfull *V*ines was
This *V*ine Yard he to Keepers did out-let (clad
Each one of them were for the Fruit of it,
Bound and obliged alſo for to bring
A thouſand Silver pieces to the King,

12

My *V*ine-Yard which is mine, before me is;
And thou (O *Solomon*) muſt have for this
A thouſand pieces, Yea and theſe that doe
Attend it's fruit, muſt have two hundred too.

13

O thou that dwelleſt in the Gardens fair
Lo, the Companions attending are
Unto thy *V*oice; Cauſe me the ſame to hear,

14

Make haſt, beloved and be like unto
A Young Hart, or be like unto a Roe
On th' Mounts of Spices skipping, to and fro.

F I N I S.

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